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TOWN DRUNKARDS

Have you noticed the passing of that famous character known as the town drunkard? He is nearly extinct. Twenty years ago, and even less, no community was complete without a town drunkard. If he were married, his wife usually had to take in washing. If single, he slept in the tanyard, back of the grain elevator or in any other convenient and rent-free locality that goes to make up the typical village.

In the cities, the town drunkard's residence and means of support all ways were somewhat of a mystery, though he passed many a night in jail. There were all kinds of town drunkards, from vagrants to worthless sons of respectable and hard-working families. Whether rich or poor, in village or city, they were all tarred with the same stick. Their thirst was characteristic and mutual.

When the town drunkard couldn't bum the price of a drink, he sometimes resorted to draining the few remaining drops from the empty bottles behind the village tavern or the depot where they awaited shipment back to the brewers and distillers.

All town drunkards, whether or not they were like the father of Huckleberry Finn, always had some woman eating her heart out with worry.

How many people, now scheming like bucketshop plungers to get a drink, recall the heartaches and misery in the home where some male member had "developed the appetite" that was "getting the best of him?"

The outlaw, John Barleycorn, has become almost an heroic figure. People seem to be forgetting his monstrous side.

Prohibition has its defects. There is much drinking in some homes "among people who never thought of it before the country went dry."

In the main, though, the nation is basically against alcohol. A referendum would find a good many wets, at the last minute, changing their minds and voting dry. Light wines and beer may be returning, maybe not, but "the hard stuff" is gone for good. In all the talk about "modifying the Volstead act," the most interesting feature is that practically no one is plugging for a return of the saloon.

And the town drunkards who have reformed by necessity are the driest of the drys, in a good many cases—except where they couldn't stand the change and the undertaker had to pour them back into the jug.

WAITS IN THE JUNGLE

In Malay jungles, Explorer Carveth Wells found a native who had trained a monkey to climb trees and pick coconuts.

Are we not overlooking a great bet in the labor possibilities of the monkey tribe?

Of all animals that have been domesticated to do man's work, the monkey has the greatest possibilities—both in strength and intelligence. The horse, for instance, is a working animal.

As for intelligence, the monkey's possibilities will be recognized by any one who remembers Consul, the famous chimpanzee in vaudeville.

A good foreman could keep a crew of monkeys working quite efficiently at such tasks as piling cordwood, moving pig iron or unloading coal.

It's all a matter of training. The monkey, with his super-instinct of imitation is notorious for mimicking anything he sees a man do.

No doubt, monkeys could be trained to write editorials, sit in congress and help direct the movies.

Naturally, the suggestion sounds a trifle ridiculous. But the monkey as a worker seems no more impossible than the wild horse must have seemed to primitive man when he began taming it to become a beast of burden.

The probability also exists, that monkeys' intelligence could be highly increased by artificially stimulating their endocrine glands. An idiotic cretin, by judiciously administered thyroid extract, can be converted into a being of normal intelligence. Why can't it be possible to do the same with monkeys?

Training them to tasks would be slow. So, for that matter, is training even a naturally intelligent dog to do tricks. Or a human.

Wild and bizarre as the suggestion may seem, it is entirely possible that glandular research in the next ten years will open the way to tripling or quadrupling monkey intelligence.

By breeding and training a few million apes or gorillas, man might shift from his shoulders part of his heavy labor burden.

One of these days, at any rate, the gland doctors—instead of concentrating on trying to rejuvenate broken down old men—are going to see what they can do toward humanizing the monkey. The result may be startling.

WAGES

Wages of day laborers in the steel industry are raised a fifth. U. S. Steel starts the raise. Other companies are following. Important news, for it means that the steel makers expect big business this winter, more jobs than men to fill them.

You turn to the financial page and learn that selling prices of steel products average a sixth higher than six months ago. This makes you wonder who really raises the wages. Consumers.

DROWNED

Can you swim? It is as important as knowing how to put out a fire or dodge autos.

Deaths by drowning this year are high. More than 6000 Americans are drowned a year, reports Metropolitan Life Insurance company. So far in 1932, your chance of drowning is about 1 in 10,000. Odds in your favor will increase as summer bathing season ends.

Are you neglecting to give yourself or children the protection of knowing how to swim?

FORD

Henry Ford, at his Highland Park plant in Detroit, quits using coal under most of his boilers and installs oil burners. It is part of a big movement. In New York, some of the largest buildings this winter will be heated by fuel oil.

Many users say fuel oil is cheaper than coal. No dirty shoveling. No ashes. And strikes never tie up the pipe lines. Fuel oil may knock a big hole in the coal business in the coming decade. Gasoline consumption is increasing steadily and a market will have to be found for it by-product fuel oil. Gasoline is the tenderloin, fuel oil the round steak.

SPENDING

Lloyd George tells of a friend of his traveling in Russia, eased by a porter because the tip for moving a trunk was only 3,000,000 rubles.

Inflation of currency may be both foolish and dangerous. But Russians must be having great thrills tossing away millions and billions like so many nickels.

Wouldn't it be fine, just for once, to go out and spend 1,000,000 American dollars in a night?

IMMIGRATION

In Wall street, wage advances are viewed as forerunners of a labor shortage.

The stage seems to be set for a period of more jobs than men to fill them. In a nutshell, that sums up the results of the limiting of immigration. The restriction is to labor what the tariff is to commodities. If the gates were wide open, European workmen would be flocking in and underselling American wages.

YOUTH

A 16-year-old lad is arrested in New York by federal rum sleuths. They say he is "the youngest bootlegger" and that he has cleaned up a small fortune as a whisky broker.

The story doesn't attract much attention, for youthful crooks no longer are out of the ordinary. You old-timers can imagine what a national sensation this boy bootlegger would have been back in the day of Rollo and Horatio Alger. Times have changed. So has youth.

MT. RAINIER? CERTAINLY NOT!--MT. TACOMA!

By W. H. PORTERFIELD.

Fifty miles east of picturesque Tacoma sits enthroned the queen of American peaks, and its name, Mt. Tacoma.

Of course, another city 40 miles to the north of us, long since entered into a low-down conspiracy with the United States government, by the terms of which this wonderful mountain is called by another name—"Rainier," in fact.

But you and I and all good Tacomans realize the absurdity of this conspiracy. "Rainier" is the name of a beer, once quite popular. But why should the United States desire to perpetuate in history or literature a name which can no longer be used legally on this side the international boundary? Why, indeed? I leave you to judge.

Tacoma has other things besides a justly famous mountain—a mountain which may be seen almost any day, if one lives here long enough and the forest fires die down.

She has an hotel or a hotel, as you prefer. This hotel will soon be superseded by another, for the citizens of Tacoma recently rose in their might and subscribed the comfortable sum of \$1,000,000 with which to build a tavern befitting the size and importance of this gateway to our most fascinating national park, and one of our great seaports, as well.

Tacoma, a city of 100,000 folks, rises from one of the finest harbors in the world, tier on tier. If you're out of gas, don't try to go home till you've filled the tank or you'll never get there.

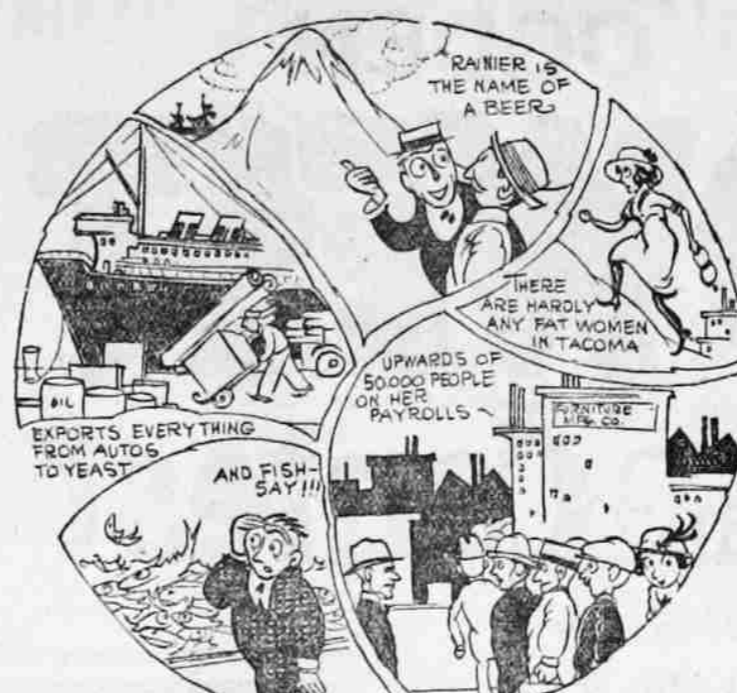
The principal hotels are at the foot of the hill. Theatres and churches are away up the grade. The traveling man needing exercise has only to walk from his hotel to the theatre, and there are hardly any fat women in Tacoma.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY

The boosters of this city tell you that Tacoma has the finest harbor in the world, but that's what they said at San Diego and San Francisco, and Portland, we'll have to appreciate the spirit in which this information is given. But as I gaze out of my windows, I judge Tacoma has one of the world's great harbors. We'll let it go at that.

Everything imaginable from artificial flowers to willow sheets is imported through Tacoma, among the items being \$23,000,000 feet of logs, for example, and nearly a million dollars of rugs and matting from the Orient, and another million dollars worth of coconut oil.

And the exports everything from autos to yeast, but the principal manufactures are flour, lumber, cotton goods and paper.



The municipality owned area of the port covers 250 acres, affording, when completed, berthing for enough ships to stretch out to a length of five miles!

Tacoma is a great railroad center, one of the greatest in the west, and an industrial city of the first order, with upwards of 50,000 people on her payroll, which approximate more than \$6,000,000 monthly. She is one of the great furniture manufacturing centers of the country, has a whole fleet of saw mills, flour mills, and smaller factories too numerous to mention, and is one of the chief distributing points for refined copper in this country.

And fish? Say, there are more fish in this Puget Sound country than I thought there were in the whole world—an annual output exceeding \$50,000,000 from the waters of Puget Sound.

PAY WHAT YOU WANT

Tacoma has a street car line which runs nearly everywhere one wants to go, and you can pay almost anything you wish to ride on the cars. If you're just a transient, or hustler, you pay 10 cents a ride. If you have \$2 all in one pile, you go to certain ticket offices and buy 25 tickets (you can't get

them on the cars) and thus you ride for eight cents. Or if you live here and have a dollar to invest you can buy a "pass" and spend the whole week, day and night time, riding all the while up and down and cross town, up the steep hills—and they're steep, I'll tell the world—and down again, down town in the morning, home at noon, back again and home again at eve, then to the movies or to call on your girl.

The one dollar pays the freight for the week. You can even take your lunch and live on the cars and I don't know of a more novel way to spend a week's vacation for a dollar than to ride around this beautiful town and watch folks work while you eat—or sleep!

Speaking of the movies, you can go to the best in town and get the best seat for 35 cents, or if you live here you can buy a \$5.35 ticket for \$4 and it's good for all summer!

You can alternate the movies with going to a vaudeville show at night, or to the beautiful stadium, where they have baseball games in the afternoon, and when the smoke from the forest fires lifts you can see Mt. Tacoma, and that's worth the price of the whole business! (Copyright, 1932, NEA Service.)

MEN AND AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

By R. T. S.

By R. T. S.
(Copyright, 1932, by The Standard-Examiner.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Government price fixing of coal, as proposed in the legislation now on its way through is looked upon with mixed feelings here in the capital. Government prices, if precedent amounts to anything, mean high prices.

"Profiteering" in slack. During the days thereby hangs a tale. During the days of the fuel administration, conducted by Dr. Garfield throughout the "late unpleasantness," it seems that some coal operators in Wyoming desired to move and sell a quantity of "slack coal." In ordinary times, the operators were glad to dispose of this virtually waste product at the rate of 25 cents a ton. They admit that on account of the war they were tempted to raise the price, and they did so. They charged 50 cents a ton for the coal and had plenty of buyers.

Eventually word filtered in to the coal administration here in Washington that the operators of Wyoming were "profiteering" in slack. The administration was shocked and decided at once to put a stop to it. Word went forth immediately that no more freight cars would be available for the movement of slack at profiteer prices. It is a peculiarity of slack that when piled and allowed to stand, spontaneous combustion takes place and a serious fire results. The operators were much put out by the order shutting off the cars. Their coal piles began to burn. They appealed to their representatives in the national congress, telling them that useful fuel was going up in useless smoke and that if allowed to move the coal they could realize from 50 to 75 cents a ton upon it, thus preventing a serious economic loss.

The appeals from the operators stirred the Wyoming delegation in Washington into action. They called on the fuel administrator in com-

pany with one of the most prominent operators. The administrator agreed to see the national legislators but excluded the operators from the royal presence. After a due presentation of the facts, the administrator is said to have stamped his flat with finality upon his desk as he gravely announced:

"I will not permit profiteering in slack or any other grade of coal. I will not permit a ton of this slack to be moved if it is sold in excess of \$3.50 per ton."

Needless to say when the "cruel" decision of the administrator was wired to the boys back home, there was a wild scramble to extinguish the fires in the slack pits and get the stuff aboard the cars.

There has been much discussion of late as to whether or not women can be good losers. It is claimed by some that truculent "meows" and the swift surreptitious scratchings of sharp feline claws are being heard in all phases of public life now that women have entered it. Those who profess to see "catfiness" in the public performances of women always point nowadays to the attack made by Miss Alice Robertson, the only woman in congress, upon Lady Astor, when she was in this country, and also to the rather acrimonious exchanges between the alluring Lengien and the matchless Mollie during the women's tennis championships at Wimbledon.

"When women say mean things about each other they are called cats," says Miss Anne Webster, who as both a sportsman and a politician, is qualified to make observations that carry weight.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the vice president, is one who believes, however, that women carry grudges longer than men do.

While sitting in the senate the other day she says: "I heard Senators

on the floor denounce each other in heated terms and then later saw them chatting together in the most friendly manner. That's the way men do. They have their political arguments and criticize each other in all sorts of ways, but continue friendly in their personal relations. Women can't do that. They bear grudges, I think, more than men."

William Jennings Bryn, in Washington this week, surprised everybody with the sleekness of his hair. Once wont to roll about his collar and lend himself to cartooning as a sort of cuckoo's nest, the raven hirsute appendage was shorn right short and made the distinguished commoner look real young and snappy.

It is said that the late Elbert Hubbard when approached one day and questioned as to why he permitted his hair to grow so long, exclaimed:

"My God, if it were only three inches longer, I could get \$300 more a lecture."

James J. Hill in the days of his railroad pioneering always wore his hair long when he was mingling with the farmers of the great northwest, but when he got to Wall street every now and then to negotiate a loan, he always clipped his hair before beginning negotiations.

Mr. Bryn is going into the Democratic fight with vigor and enthusiasm this fall. It is the first time in years that he had seemed to have his heart and soul in the welfare of the party. With clipped hair and sparkling eyes he has girded himself for the fray and is acaring to go.

Representative Frank Mondell of Wyoming, who is running for the senate against Senator Kendrick, left for the west Saturday to take up the cudgel against his rather stalwart antagonist. The senatorial fight in Wyoming is very intricate because the Democrats are candidates for re-election claims that when it comes to some G. O. P. doctrine he is "a better Republican" than the Republican floor leader.

Mr. Mondell insists he is not the least pessimistic about the outcome in Wyoming, but it is a fact none the less that on the eve of his departure for

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JOSEPH H. YOUNG
Receiver

The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad System

At the Grand Circuit Meet



* Interest in races of harness horses continues despite the ever increasing number of autos. Here is the start of the event for horses of the 2:16 class at the Grand Circuit meeting at Belmont Park, Philadelphia.

FRANCE MAY TRY TIMBER AIR PATROL

PARIS, Sept. 2.—(By The Associated Press.)—Airplane patrol of forests to give signals for fires, which is being practiced on the Pacific coast, is being considered by the French ministry of war in an effort to prevent the devastating fires that recently burned out many thousands of acres in southern France and threatened many villages.

Elephants' skins will crack unless constantly cared for.

The Rocky mountain country, he wore suspenders and a belt.

"There's nothing like being prepared," he allowed with a grin.

FRENCH GRANDEUR STOLEN BY SW

PARIS, Sept. 2.—(By The Associated Press.)—France for a long time has smarted under the too long possession that Mount Blanc, Switzerland, and has now begun a campaign in the newspapers to the world that she, and not her neighbor, owns the highest mountain in Europe.

Chamonix, although in France, is widely taken for granted to the Swiss resort because the French the Swiss hotel keepers advertise one of the group of Swiss Alps resorts.

Packed holds of ships are the frequent sources of conflagration.

THAT GUILTIEST FEELING



WHEN YOU ARE PLAYING ON THE SAME COURSE AS SARAZEN, HAGEN, FARRELL AND BARNES AND SOME OF THE SPECTATORS CROSS OVER TO THE NEXT FAIRWAY WHERE THEY GIVE YOU THE ONCE OVER AND LAUGH RIGHT OUT AS YOU DUB YOUR SHOTS.

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